

FRETILIN MASSACRES

THE SURVIVORS

**MONIZ MAIA
JANUARIO CARVALHO
BENYAMIN OLIVEIRA
JOSE DOS SANTOS**

Compiled by
JOSE MARIA COSTA DE FREITAS

Translated by
ARSENIO RAMOS HORTA

F O R E W O R D

For four centuries had the people of East Timor suffered from colonial oppression and terror. However, it was not that cruel as their sufferings from the atrocities and indiscriminate killings committed by a small faction of their own people who called themselves FRETILIN.

At the time the Portuguese authorities vacated their colonial territory and left a vacuum of authority in the beginning of 1975, FRETILIN unilaterally seized power in East Timor and began to terrorise not only those who disagreed with the seizure but also thousands of innocent people.

Crowds of people had been indiscriminately killed or wiped out which ultimately gave rise to fierce resistance against the FRETILIN regime by those who refused to be oppressed by FRETILIN's communistic rule and which later culminated into a fullscale civil war in East Timor causing human suffering, misery and famine.

This booklet describes the experiences of four witnesses : MONIZ MAIA, JANUARIO CARVALHO, BENYAMIN OLIVEIRA and JOSE DOS SANTOS, who out of the so many prisoners miraculously by the grace of God Almighty, succeeded to escape from FRETILIN's inhuman confinement.

All the facts revealed are but just a small part of the atrocities committed by FRETILIN. The revelation of these facts in this booklet is meant to once again remind man not to trample down, but respect Human Dignity.

JOSE MARIA COSTA DE FREITAS.

TESTIMONY OF MR. MONIZ MAIA

I was detained in Same, a village about 80 miles south of Dili, on the 27th of August 1975. I was home with my relatives, when many armed Fretilin, army and militia men, from groups that were pillaging and spreading brutalities to the homes of the village and its outskirts to capture weapons and simpatizers of U.D.T., Apodeti, Kota and Trabal-hista, forced their way into my home, yelling profanely and they gave me the prison order.

My relatives implored for clemency, crying out their concern, but my captors ordered me to lift my hands and started to wreck the house contents in search of weapons. This brutal action was accompanied with hysterical yellings, and valuables were taken away. They did not make any difference to the old and the children who were very terrified.

After they have seized all they wanted I was put out the house and started to be beaten in front of my relatives, who were impotent to help me. All the way to the prison in the village they did not stop beating me, and I was shoved into a cell. I found my colleagues all of them badly bruised and the majority was crying from the illtreatment. During this day and the following ones, other elements of the local population joined us in the prison and were beaten up. But the aggression would not stop. It was not seldom that from morning till night the Fretilin men, came with leather whips, executed barbaric scenes of aggression which they carried out with laughter until we fell unconscious. To worsen our sufferings our captors imposed the hunger and thirst penalty for two days. Even twice daily we were allowed to relieve ourselves and we could not get water. After those two horrible days, my relatives took some food to me, but they had to give valuable articles to them, particularly to the leaders who said that only by this way they could do something to lessen our punishment as far as they possessed grave accusations against us. Whether it was true or not, I could only enjoy my first meal after forty eight hours, thus I could satisfy my empty guts. We did not get any food from Fretilin, since that day, the 30th of August '75 until the day when I was transferred to the Aileu prison. Although we were

comforted by the food, our suffering would not stop. Many times during day or night, the Fretilin men mostly drunk, disguised foolish interrogations. They got all the excuses to retaliate our bodies with whips, and insulting our beloved ones. In those brutal sessions, the Fretilin men delighted themselves by beating us with the handle of the whip, hitting our balls and penis and they burst into laughter watching our bodies distort in pain. Others, forced us to stand back to them to allow the whip tip to hit our heads and faces in a rotating motion.

Those brutalities were carried out in the tiny cells, so it was useless trying to cover ourselves. Sometimes we run blindly to get away from the terrible whip which seemed like a ferocious cobra, but we only hit other cell-mates who lay unconscious on the floor, and the others shakingly waiting their turn, even already lay on the floor. They would not stop. On the contrary it gave them more hate and doubled their fury, each coup of the whip came along with obscenities, among others : "Get up you, son of a bitch get up or else I shoot out your bloody horns". Always, accompanied by the whip trashing us, we could hardly get up. But human energy is limited, and we reached the stage which we no longer felt the whip cutting our skin, see and hear nothing. With me, myself in those horrible times I used to feel a wave of heat running through all my body, that made me blind, lose all the sensibility that I was still living. By what I have experienced it means the unconsciousness and I fell to the floor.

Without any remarkable change, this sad situation went along for the first ten days of detention. Gradually those barbaric sessions decreased and I even dare to say that for several weeks the bloody whip carried out by our captors did not visit us.

After nearly two months in prison, news started to circulate that some of us were going to be transferred to Aileu. So it happens.

On October 9, 1975, about 8 o'clock in the morning, we were separated to a group of 31 (thirty one) men and got into a truck. A lot of armed Fretilin joined us on the truck. The truck drove on the same Dili road. When we arrived to Maubisse a stop was made on the main town

street. The truck parked just under the open sky. The armed guards were joined by more others and formed two lines behind the truck, and we were forced to get off the truck one by one. As soon as we reached the ground the "welcome committee" saluted us with kicks, punches and hits with the gun butts. Once, down on the ground another Fretilin bastard distributed the famous whip kisses all over our bodies unconcerned. All those barbarities were going on like a cock-fight as all the bastards were yelling and insulting and many local folks gather on the spot and excited their fellow animals to finish us, yelling: "Kill, kill" To our scream of pain from the beatings, the curious ones jumped with joy and all the time they stirred our punishers in order to beat us even more. One by one all of us, thirty-one men passed through whips, boots and butts of the Fretilin men who tried to act as street artists. They staged a wild and primitive scene for the delight of the public who were applauding and supporting them. I can not imagine how long it lasted that martyrdom. All of us, after that brutal treatment, half dead, were shoved back into the truck, and there we stayed under the sun that at the time was at peak. Besides bruises all over my body, I had a deep cut on my head, that until now I don't know how it happened. My mates were suffering, two of them with broken ribs, one had a long cut in his face, some were lying unconscious on the truck and others were simply crying.

We were not assisted medically, so we tried to stop our wounds bleeding, using our rotten shirts as bandages. We stayed on the truck for nearly two hours under the burning sun without food nor water.

The heat increased our suffering. The wounds caused a pain like a burning knife stabbing and the thirst settled in. Our screams of pain passing through the throat to the mouth was like a fireball caused us to vomit. To our appeal for water, the Fretilin men who were sitting under the trees at watching positions, answered in these terms: "Shut up you son of bitches. If you keep barking you will take another dosis, and you will get dead".

Expecting renewed aggression we shut up in resignation. When our escort guards that came along us from Same appeared, we were forced

to stand up. Looking at them, it seemed they dined well and drank a lot. As soon as they got into the cabin and into the wagon the truck restarted to head towards Aileu. Although we suffered from the bumpy roads, nothing abnormal was registered.

We arrived at Aileu by 2.30 pm. The truck parked 15 meters from the potatoes store which the Fretilin used as prison. A lot of uniformed and armed Fretilin and civilians, their fellow believers, came insultingly towards us. From the main Fretilin that were approaching us, Afonso Redentor was leading the way, whom later we came to know as our No. 1 jailer. Forming lines as in Maubisse, they forced us to jump to the ground and immediately we were beaten to unconsciousness. The means they used were as the ones they used in Same and Maubisse. This new brutal punishments were accompanied by infernal yelling by other Fretilin onlookers who were enjoying themselves by stirring their fellow animals to commit bigger atrocities against us, and our punishers were previously hand picked by Afonso Redentor to carry out that unhuman task.

Unconscious and frustrated we were dragged to the prison and shoved there as if we were dead beef. More wounds were added to our bodies by whips, gun, butts, and troop boots. After reaching Aileu, our bodies were a bloody mess. Without any treatment, food or water, we sprawled on the floor crying from our pains. The old prisoners attempted to relieve us with words for hope and courage. How good to hear such from those mates of unluckiness. They used their shirts to clean our blood and massaging the swollen concussions, saying : "Come on, mate, it is over, tomorrow you will be better they will not beat you anymore". By night voices of craving to the Lord was heard in fervorous praying and anthem of mercy to God our Lord. The songs directed to the Holy Lady was the best medicine we could get that night.

On the following morning, October 10, 1975, by 7 a.m. the prison gate was opened to give way to a small armed group of Fretilin, who beat us on our arrival, who told us to stand up and follow them

outside. We were walking to a medical post, where we were quickly treated. On our way, many civilians tried to hit us. We were sided by the guards, but we could not help hearing all the obscenities. At the medical post, deep wounds bandaged, the superficial guts from the whips were only cleaned with an alcohol soaked wool. After that the guards took us to a farm in Aisirimou where our prison mates were busy working. Shovel and picks were given to us and marked a piece of land we were forced to revolve on that day. Each movement caused terrible pain as our bodies were still burning in pain from the previous day's brutalities. Under the burning tropic sun, we kept working to carry out the day's task.

By about noon, we were driven back to the store prison, which Fretilin has painted its doors and window green. We were distributed a miserable portion of boiled maize, without anything else but dirt and stink. But we were starving, so we devoured that tiny portion in seconds. That meal caused great pains in my stomach, as I did not eat for the past 36 hours. To add to our suffering, Fretilin forced us to eat our meal close to the drums which served as toilet.

At the beginning, after hard labouring in Aisirimou farm from morning to dusk, we were given two meals a day, but, when news ran that the joint forces were gaining fields from Batugade, the ration lowered to one meal a day, and the portion got smaller and smaller. Very often, we were given only stingy coffee for days. Some of our mates, thanks to his ability or to some more humane Fretilin, had hidden some pieces of sweet potatoes, tapioca or other eatable roots. They would not eat before offering to their mates to share this banquet of the starvation. To this offer few or none accepted, saying we have eaten, so with this pious lie, our mates could enjoy those tiny pieces of roots. I never thought that hunger was so cruel.

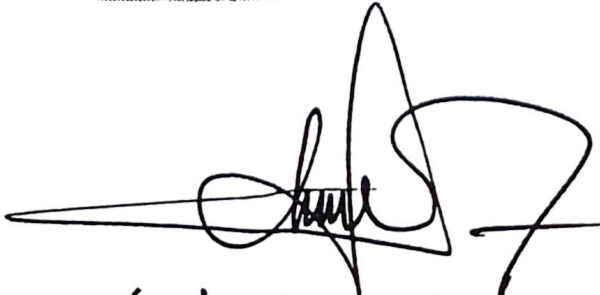
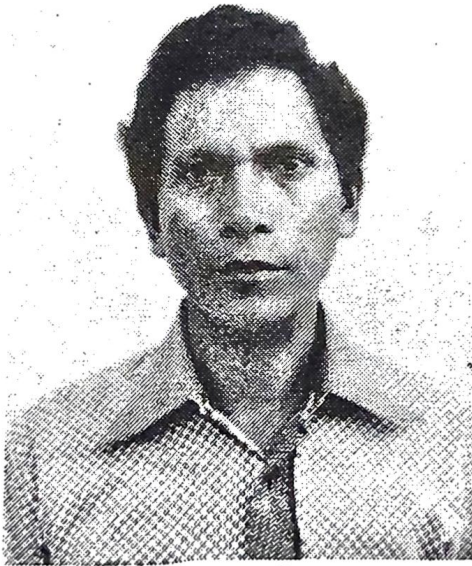
Here in Aileu we recite the rosary three times a day as we did in Same. Those prayers gave us more stamina and courage to stand the difficulties inflicted by Fretilin.

As our forces were advancing towards Dili, our torture increased everyday. We were subject to line up in the open at night and during

the hottest time of the day. On those occasions the Fretilin men used to separate us by groups of five and ten men and then brutally hit us. To worsen our suffering they formed puppets tribunals in order to enable them to make foolish questions and to our negativ answers they got excuses to beat us with their usual insanity.

We were living in a condition of terror until December 7, '75, the date when we were stopped to go to the farm. But our tortures would not halt.

To give sequence to the witness of Mr. Moniz Maia and Mr. Januario de Carvalho, we stop the former one, and here we write the witness of Mr. Januario De Carvalho.



(MONIZ MAIA)

I and my colleagues of Apodeti, detained in Dili at the museum building, were transferred from there, where we were jailed since October to the prisons of the general headquarters in Taibesse, on December 2, 1975. We joined the prisoners of U.D.T., Kota and Trabalhista who were already there since August and September 1975.

With our large group the cell became overloaded, in such way that we could not move and we slept standing as there was not enough room to get even a sitting position. Usually in the morning our captors opened the iron gate to allow us into a small patio fenced with wire mess and topped by barbed wire. Fretilin guards armed with submachine guns were outside watching our movements.

The distribution of food also took place in the patio, and as usual it was a very miserable portion. Weeks before, Fretilin leaders had cut all visits to prisons and hospitals, where a lot of our mates were hospitalized from grave injuries due to tortures of which we were the victims. By cutting the visits, it unable our relatives and friends to take food, as before, to us.

Although we heard a lot of speculations from the guard who were always menacing us we were not sure about our survival. In this incognito we were maintained until December 7th, 1975. One early morning we heard strong explosions of heavy weapons and unending cracks of machine gun fire. Though we did not know what was going on in Dili, but our hearts told us, our forces have arrived to Dili and consequently our freedom was certain.

Around 8 a.m., the Fretilin men who left the lower parts of the city, concentrated in groups around Taibessi to Hospital resisting to our advancing forces. At Taibessi General Headquarters the Fretilin Militia were by the hundreds. Since the first hours that registered our forces attack, the Fretilin doubled the watching to the prisoners. During all morning, Fretilin men were getting in and out in continuous waves from Taibessi Military compound.

Around 2 p.m. we started to notice misunderstanding and confusion among Fretilin. Between hysterical yelling of order and contra-order, Fretilin men drove themselves like mad, now yelling and shoot-

ing in all directions, then run away from the quarters; other groups poised in fighting position around the headquarters. All this, we could see through the barred windows of our cells. Some of the guards willing to surrender had told us that some of their leaders had escaped to higher land. Other leaders, particularly the ex-military ones, were still in Dili, trying to organize defence. But before they could their men were running like a dog barking and crying out obsessively. Among their leaders there was only one, we could impose some calm to the frightened mob. It was him, Nicolau Lobato, who calmed down his pups, led the way to the prison, and ordered the gates to be opened and for us to line up. Already lined up he said to us "Do you want to die now by "fuzillade" or to cooperate with us?".

Many of us, in the hope that an opportunity might come to escape, answered to Nicolau that we accepted to co-operate. One of the leader's brother, Antonio Lobato appeared on the spot, his eyes full of hate. He was on duty with the Military Police. Armed with an automatic G-3, he handled the gun to charge it and barked that he was going to kill us; but his brother Nicolau jumped to him and grabbed the gun by the barrel and took it away, and admonished him.

After this incident that may have cost many of our lives, we were taken to several places of the Headquarters, where they distributed ammunitions boxes and other "bellic" containers. Two men were forced to carry a box of ammunition which weigh up to 60 pounds.

After the distribution we were lined two by two with a Fretilin in the middle and many on the flanks who were to watch us. We took the foot track and in forced march we reached Dili-Aileu road, walking always under order to go quicker and carrying our heavy load which weakened us every passing hour. Badly exhausted we reached Costa Alves coffee plantation in Balibar, some 10 miles away from Dili at about 400 metres above sealevel.

Note : As explanatory information to the readers who do not know the area, the linking road between Dili-Aileu is always climbing, except small incline and stretches of plain, which is dusty during the

dry season, becoming muddy, and boggy and slippery during the monsoon rains, that serve passage only to four wheel drive vehicles or army transport. There we camped for the night. Since the previous day we did not have any food as Fretilin were on strict alert. Completely exhausted we lay on the wet muddy-ground, due to earlier showers. We wore only shirts and shorts and during the night we shook with cold, laying on the ground as scoundrel dogs.

I closed hard my tooth not to cry. How much longer will last my misfortune?. I thought about my beloved ones. Where would they be? They would think I was dead. Looking around I fixed my eyes upon an armed guard, I wondered : "Oh, brother why do you hate me so much? Why so much hate?" And trying to justify myself I answered myself: "Did not I want the wellbeing of this country? Oh, poor us you, who probably had greeted me as a friend and brother in God, now you will kill me with the same hands, if I did any suspicious movement". And tearfully I turned my mind to God, praying in silence I begged mercy for myself, for all my mates and for the ones who ill-treated us. I was so tired and fell into the world of dreams. Very early on the following morning, we were given word to march towards Aileu.

Few minutes after we restarted the journey it started to rain, a little initially. But after some five minutes the drops became bigger and suddenly a heavy rain shot down, soaking us to the bones. Exposed to nature without any cover from the rain, with orders to walk always forward, we hardly could walk. On the contrary our guards had rain coats and carried only their gun. Done some miles on the climbing road, weakened by hunger, brutal treatment and loaded with ammunition boxes, I myself and some other mates of misfortune were walking dizzily, falling here and there. As soon as we fell many ran to us to hit us with gun butts and kicks to force us to stand up and keep marching. At each gun butt coup the guards offended us by yelling : "Get up you son of a bitch. Do you want a shot in your bloody horns?" With all our efforts, we could get up to avoid more aggression. To this brutal march, the former chief of civil administration Mr. Mario Santa, who was sick and aged, could not bear, and falling every meter and beaten

whenever he fell. He asked the animals to finish him off. At a certain point along the route we could see Mr. Santa no more. We will never see him again. Later on, we knew that the poor mate of misfortune was shot dead by the Fretilin guards at some spot along the road Dili-Aileu.

Without stopping to rest and always under heavy rain, now hit by gun butts, punches and obscenities when we begged to rest, we made it to Aileu about 3 p.m. There, in military formation we were driven to the military quarters where we got relieved from the "Bellic" containers. From there we went back to the potatoes stores, located near the administration building. Wet, exhausted and bent down, we dragged our feet, entering a couple at a time. At both sides of the road scores of civilians and armed Fretilin were the spectators of a physically miserable procession which we were. All this poor of spirits as we were passing-by shouted to our captors to kill, kill the bastards. But, to our relief our captors did not satisfy the public's will, probably, because they were also tired from the journey. Inside the overcrowded building, underfed and allowed only once daily to evacuate ourselves we took the opportunity to kill our thirst from a tap close to the drum toilets, and without any considerable remarks, we stayed like that until December 9. On that day by early morning the acting prison guard, Pedro Aquino, who was also called Commander, came into the store-prison and with lofty manners he said : "All the prisoners from Dili go out to give the names outside,", smiling he added "We are going to ease your trip in the black ship or in a wingless plane."

Those terms were known to us as concealed warnings that we were going to be killed any time by Fretilin men. A lot of us who came from Dili, became frightened, but I myself and dozens of others as having the same thought, were ready to get any destination reserved to us by those primitif bastards. I myself thought that if I had to die that day it would be the end of my sufferings.

Before we moved, we told our mates who stayed behind that if they survived, please tell our relatives about our torture and also tell them that we will die with our minds in God and in our beloved ones.

Without any queer attitude and confident that soon we will be with God, we stood our mates pitiful eyes.

Outside from the jail we were lined up to a total of hundred and ten men. Four Fretilin men took our names and other identity elements with purposeful delay, as we were under the burning sun. The Fretilin men finished their job after two hours had passed. Shortly after a general call, we embarked on two trucks, guarded by armed Fretilin. The vehicles took the road to Maubisse. Along the way we prayed low, expecting to be killed at any spot over the road, but as we got near to Maubisse we believed, it was actually our destination. We reached the village by afternoon, and as in Aileu the Fretilin had used the potatoes store for prison, and also here the gate and windows were painted green. By the brightness of it, it seemed to have been painted recently.

Here in Maubisse we met brothers prisoners from several parts of the island. In addition to our arrival the occupants of the store-prison exceeded the number of three hundred men.

Back to the statements of Mr. Moniz Maia, who stayed in Aileu after the departure of Mr. Januario De Carvalho, we registered the following: "On the same day, December 9, when our mates were separated to be taken from unknown destination, but whom we met later on in Maubisse, the Fretilin people became more uneasy. We noticed unusual movements, as there was speculation that our forces were on the way to Aileu. The Fretilin men get together in meeting with their lousy leaders several times a day, from the above date. We were looking forward to our forces to arrive as quick as possible.

We still had hope for our liberation. Days went on in the prison. Besides the usual brutalities, the food became very little and sometimes they forgot to feed us.

Early morning on the 24th of December, Pedro Aquino, then, as the head of prison guards and Militia Commander in Aileu, came into the jail along with other armed animals. Aquino in his usual lofty manners and smiling like a wolf, ordered to separate the leaders of Apodeti, UDT, and many other sympathizers of both parties. From the separated

group I still remember the names of the gentlemen : brothers Luiz and Jose Oliveira, the European Luiz Queiroz, the male nurses, Pedro Soares, Jacob Fernandes, Joao Assuncao, Joao Gusmao, the Vice-President of Apodeti Mr. Hermenegildo Martins who was around seventy years old, brothers Feliciano C. Tilman and Delfin Tilman.

The separated group amounted to over one hundred men. By afternoon, some more moderate Fretilin told us, that our mates were transferred to the military jails in Aileu. We doubted. To our questions of curiosity about the whereabouts of some U.D.T. leaders such as Mr. Cesar Mausinho, Senanes, Fernando Lue, and Lieutenant-Colonel Masjiolo, the Fretilin guards, shaking their shoulders, said : "They might be somewhere in the military jails."

The truth is, we never saw them again, it is easy to believe that those poor mates were already gone forever.

The food cuts had been gone already for days when on the 27th of December, we got orders to get out of the prison and line-up. To our group joined Mr. Jose Fernando Osorio, who was detained in a military cell and also the Fretilin adept Antonio Mota, who surrendered voluntarily in Dili to our joint forces on the 18th of December. He accepted to carry a message calling for unconditional surrender of Fretilin, in order to avoid bloodshed. The message was directed to the head of that armed faction Francisco Xavier Do Amaral.

According to some Fretilin guards, Mota was jailed as soon as he got to Aileu, some others wanted to kill him, but he was saved by Nicolau Lobato. However he was detained.

Coming back to the 27th of December. After being lined-up we were over three hundred men. This time we walked two by two forming an enormous line walking on the road of Aileu-Maubisse with dozens of heavily armed guards. In front and in the back light vehicles took the more important leaders.

During the manoeuvres to line up all the men, many of us were beaten and finally only after one hour, we could take the road. The weather was ugly. Black clouds darkened the sky and it was not long

before that rain fell heavily on us. New torture we had to endure without cover and wearing only scraps of cloth and barefoot, we had to walk, God knows until where. Some said we were going to Maubisse, others more morbid, said we were going to be shot along the journey. In fact some older and weaker prisoner who could not endure it, were shot. To get away from the doubts I asked a guard where we were going, he said : "To Maubisse".

Destroyed by the brutalities, by not knowing until when our end will come, tormented by the continuous uncertainty of how and where our beloved ones would be, abused to a miserable piece of human scrap, we did miles and miles on the road to Maubisse. The rain fell cold and continuously. Cover ? Oh, no. Walk, walk, walk. The Fretilin bastards, them, yes they wore rain coats, or stay dry and warm inside the car cabins. They would not even look at us.

After the first five miles, the usually weakness, all falls started to occure as we did not have any food for at least the past two days. One of the guards who walked close to me told me when I fell : "Do you want to join your brothers Hermenegildo and Magiollo?". So I asked him where they were, and the guard replied: "They were all cleaned out".

If a rock have hit me on the mouth, it would not have harmed more than this voice from the graveyard. All dead. All dead, only because they love this small island they have said no to Fretilin. And the Lieutenant-Colonel Masjiolo with a brilliant military carier, could run away. But as an anti-communist, he stayed on, to avoid this island to get the speck from a communist rule. All dead, before us. My heart told me that soon we will be together. I cried.

With my mind on my lost mates, I became insensible to the rain, wind, starvation, to all at last, walk. I had to walk.

We reached Dai-Soli area, it was still raining. Orders to stop. We were separated in small groups and spread over a small area, rounded by the usual G-3 automatic rifles, which were handled by Fretilin guards would be the killer instrument that would bring our death at

the first suspicious movement. Who cares about life? And God? Yes, my faith. While there is life, there's hope. We spent the night in Dai-Soli.

To remember, I start by telling that when Maia was on his way to Maubisse, I was already there since December the 9th, along with one hundred and ten prison mates who came in two trucks from Aileu.

When we joined our prison mates, we got to know that we were going to get only one daily meal and often the regime goes to one meal every two days. By misfortune, when we arrived, we did not get any meal. Thus, another day of hunger.

Next day, by afternoon, we heard great noise — the Fretilin men would not do anything without great bazaar like noise — our prison guards opened the gates in order to allow us to receive a dirty, smelly drum, our meal of the day.

Resembling a sudden attack of bees into the prison, our mates who were there before us, sped towards the gate taking off their shirts. Pushing and kicking etc., it was the magic touch that even a blind and deaf one would guess. It was hunger.

The new ones like me, we became fool at first. Then we understood. This shirt was to collect the cooked roots that are distributed. The hurrying was the signal that who stayed behind would lose his daily meal for that day. We did the same. Run. Shirts off. Pushing, punches. Fretilin men enjoyed the scenes. Hunger. Would it be enough for everyone? Would I get it? Yes, hunger makes us egoists. The Fretilin men were laughing. The roots are boiling hot. Sadism. They asked us: "Do you want to get them by hands? We will give you more". It was so bloody hot, no one could grab by hands. Two or three potatoes or tapioca to each one in the shirt was all we got for our daily meal. Tomorrow we will have food or not. It won't matter. Today we got it already. We see what comes tomorrow. Quick as the spark of match head, the three little potatoes disappeared down our throats. Is there any more? No, no more.

After the meal, the gate was closed. Sitting against the wall, we looked around. One or another mate would tell a funny joke. Then,

in silence. I looked around. What I saw in them, they would certainly see in myself. From our lookings before the August the 11th, nothing was left. Scrap, yes only human scrap. Skelitic bodies. Scars from whips and gun butts were the most remarkable ones in our bodies.

Sometimes, the silence is broken by low voices, then die away. Then someone start praying and everybody else would join the prayer in appealing to the Lord to help in our misfortune.

Nearly always after our prayers, we would get the visit of our guards, who would storm into the prison, whips in hand saying, you and you, and you come here. Hit them with satisfaction. Then again, you, you, and you. The dance would last for several hours through the night till the Fretilin men get tired from brutalizing us. Many mates of mine died during such brutal sessions. They are carried away unconscious, and they never returned. Even now I still hear this horrible sound : "You, you, and you, come here."

Soon after they leave we would hear songs, and applauses as Fretilin men got themselves drunk. More shouts and songs. We did not sleep that night. We were sure they would come back, and we were sure one of us, was going to die when they came back. This time, they would bring a torch and make their choice usually on a more robust way, and brutality would last long, until the man, finally would fall bleeding and be carried away. If they were only halfdrunk, they would pick another man. "You, bloody bastard you wanted to sell this, did not you? Come on, answer, do you want to pretend to be an angel?

Soon you will join them. Do you want to be beaten?" Whip whisper. Screams. Laughs from the executors. See the bastard fall dawn. Whips again. Now only murmur. "You wanted to sell this you are going to see who is the people". Whip whisper again, scream of pain. Others exciting. "Hit him in his bloody balls, cut his dick off". "Yah, like this", and the victim fall dawn. writhing his body in pain, he would open and shut his mouth, gasp for water, but water never came, and he is carried away. In silence we pray for his soul. The first ones to be beaten are usually going to increase the number of the dead. The last ones, usually escape from brutal death.

Among all these brutal sessions, the most terrible was exactly on Christmas day. On December 25th, after the usual singing, a Fretilin group led by the guards commander - Domingos Pereira - one of the worst came into the prison. He was drunk, red bloody eyes. An order by Pereira the Apodeti prisoners were rounded into a corner. One by one all were brutally beaten up. When they fell, they were footed upon. One of the torturer men, was Luiz dos Reis Araujo, nephew of Mr. Arnaldo dos Reis Araujo. To this poor and unlucky mate, Domingos Pereira and his gang worked on him so selvatically, that his body resembled to a butchered bleeding creature. The blood running out from his head, ears, mouth and back, I could not recognize anymore the marks of whipping. Once he lost consciousness, the gang would pour water on him to reanimate him. It happened several times, until water became useless. They left him laying still. In consequence of this brutal session, Luiz died a few days later in Ainaro. His body was buried in the area of Mano-Tali.

His final moments, it happened something of paramount significance that the foolish Fretilin men sadistically wanted to watch his death. But this part I will tell later on.

I will never forget that the 25th of December. X'Mas day. With Luiz in coma, and many of us severely brutalized, this day of birth of our Saviour, instead of a happy day, became by the bloody brutal Fretilin hands to a hell for our bodies and souls.

The next day, the 26th of December 1976, around midnight, Domingos Pereira and his usual gang reappeared again in the prison. Frightfully we waited. Were we going to be subjected to new brutalities? No, this time Domingos Pereira though he had his usual whip, called some of the prisoners. They were the following ones: a Chinese man, I don't remember his name, the European Amadeu Coelho, Major Lourenso da Silva from Same, Cosme, Januario Cabral, Joaquim E. Santo and Domingos Sequetra, all from Dili.

After being grouped they were taken away. We never saw them again. In cautious questions to the Fretilin guards who were more moderate about the destinations of that group they would simply

answer : "Don't worry, you won't see them again".

On the 27th Domingos and gang appeared again, a very badly unwanted visit to us. Renewed anxiety.

After looking around with a patronizing air, Domingos Pereira ordered the separation of all Europeans and Mestizos. The number of those of our mates was about sixty persons. Among them I still remember the names of Lino Pereira alias Lino Cowboy; Lucio Enlarnacao, Antonio dos Santos Faisca and his son Jose Antonio, Joel Quim; the ex-corporal Mario, and Jorge, Henrique Simoes and his brothers and cousins, Luiz Queiroz, Fialho ex-Manager of Baucau motel, Duarte, Sebastiao, Tavares, Henrique Faria, Almeida known as the Bohemian, Jaime Pereira ex Civil Administrator, Rui and Francisco Goncalvez sons of Mrs. Carolina Goncalvez, Antonio Mourao, Mario Suarez, Joaquim and his brother Jose Sanches, Antonio Lemos and his two sons Alexandre, Hegas, and still his son-in-law, Antonio Aniceto, Jaime Aniceto, the Oliveira brothers, Canelas, brother-in-law of Fretilin puppet Afonso Redentor.

Few weeks later these mates rejoined us. Thus we knew, that Fretilin drove them in two truck to Aileu. They never reached Aileu, because on the way they met other Fretilin men running in retreat before the advancing of the joint forces that was just about to enter the town.

Reaching the date of the 27th of December 1975 and after interrupting the accounting of Mr. Moniz Maia on that date, when he and his colleagues spent the night in Dai-Soli, we return to his ordeal in order to allow a better understanding about this work.

We spent the night of the 27th December in Dai-Soli. We were spread in groups rounded by armed guards. The grounds was wet. The tiredness was enormous and hunger increased our physical disability. In such conditions we did not care where we had to sleep. We lay like buffaloes in ponds. The night was chilly. Tiredness and hunger. Sleep was imposing.

As soon as it was clear we were put on march again.

Done few hundred meters we came to a maize farm, and mango

trees by the roadside. It seemed like a dream. But it was not. Many of us ran like mad to catch maize and mangoes. Hunger. Immediately the guards shot into the air, while others persuaded our mates who were already in the farm catching maize and others picking mangoes, forcing them to leave what they had picked, and by kicking and coups, the guards made our mates rejoin the column. As we were standing, the guards themselves started to fill their bags with maize and mangoes, while others were beating the prison mates, showing their brutal authority. As it started to rain the guards stopped picking, and restarted the march with all the guards nibbling on mangoes, while we, the prisoners were allowed only to starve or to swallow saliva.

Without any other misadventures we reached the town of Maubisse by about 2 p.m., after a long journey of 30 km, mostly under rain.

In Maubisse the guards led us to the potatoes store, as in Aileu, it also served as jail here in Maubisse. We were lined up in front of the gate and counted. The counting and register of our names took nearly two hours, then we joined the prisoners that were already there. In addition to our number it amounted to five hundred men in the prison of Maubisse. Due to the small area of the store, we stayed like canned fish, with no room to move. Also on that day we did not get any food. The smell was horrible, as we're not allowed to shower or to wash the clothings.

The gate remained closed until the next day. We filled that day with several items of talking. Now and then a group would start praying. Then everybody else would join in. Then someone would tell funny stories and many would laugh. Sometimes there was total silence, we would remember the good and the bad times of our lives. I use the plural, because I believed everybody was thinking the same as I did. Isolated, surrendered to the wind of the situation, no hope to survive. To this, it was imposing, we think about our lives, remembering all bad and good, sweet and sour things of life, that probably we would never see again. Sometimes, I noticed my fellow on my side. Eyes nowhere, longing, lips trembling. Praying, cursing? Where would our beloved ones be? What has really happened to our mates who were no

more there? Another prayer. Some more optimistic, animated by something stronger and misterious, with bright eyes, and convincingly they would say "Don't worry mates, we will get away from all this, you will see". Some less optimistic, they care to die in order to save the others and these ones would tell their relatives about their ordeal of the present, and more coming struggle as time wears on. Anyway, we would die in God and wait in heaven for our beloved ones.

Next day, 29th December 1975, by 8 a.m., the gates were open, we got out and led by Fretilin animals to the military patio, where we waited for about one hour. Finally, Nicolay Lobato appeared, accompanied by a large group of armed men, besides his closer colaborators, Helia Pina, Cesar Mau-Lara, Garvarino, Guido Soares, Valente, all of them had spent the night there in Maubisse.

Nicolau as the head of the group, in a loud voice to make himself heard, said : "I got news, there are here, bastards who do not want to carry our ammunition boxes, To these bastards and others who do not want to co-operate, I get their "beds" immediately ready. Saying this, some pointed their guns to us. Nicolau continued : "To all bastards who refuse to what we order, we reserve them to immediately execution what do you say? Do you prefer to die today on the very same spot or to carry our boxes?".

Frightened, we all said yes. Although we knew our end was imminent, but we insisted to grab to anything that might save us.

Satisfied with the result from his menaces, Nicolau told to take us to where the boxes were, and each one received a box weighing approximately 62 lb, which in normal circumstances would not be so difficult to carry. But after a few weeks with one meager meal a day, and on top of it the brutalities, one may feel like he is carrying the world on his shoulders. Those bloody boxes were carried from Dili and Aileu by our mates who were jailed there.

After sometime, waiting, without any food distribution, we were given orders to march to Same. Just after we started, a heavy rain dropped on us, all the way to Alto-Flecha, a spot some 20 miles from Maubisse. To increase our difficulties, the boxes when wet became

heavier, the road slippery and boggy and most torturing was the demand of our empty stomach for food and Fretilin demand to go on ... no rest Then we were taken over by light vehicles carrying Lobato, Carvarin, Cesar Mau-lara and others.

Meanwhile, we were already feeling the effect of fasting, added by no less horrible effect of brutal treatments, with rain hitting our weak bodies. After a few miles a new drama started.

Many of our mates started to fall to get immediate spanking until they got up. "Forward" shouted our guards. Another fall. "Forward you son of a bitch." Black, was the colour that 29th of December. Punished by the heavy load, tortured by rain and ill treatments, tired by empty guts, oh Lord, we only heard : "Forward you bloody bastards, that son of a bitch who stop will get a shot in the head forward".

Among us, the one who was the most tortured was surely John Damas. This unlucky fellow, fell several times and several times he fell on his already tortured body the brutal aggression of Fretilin animals. Not to stay much longer with the endurance of John Damas, I may start with the event that choked me most on that day.

At a certain point along the way, when the rain was pouring in such way that the road was like a river bed, John Damas fell once again. This time he fell straight forward as if he was hit by lightening. He had his head dived in the barren water and did not move. Several guards rounded and beat him. One of them turned John's head. The water nearly covered all his face. The beating continued. And John was still, I thought he was done. The Fretilin bastards kept beating and kicking him. Then one pointed a gun at him. "A shot to finish him," I thought. That precise moment, though, as he was animated by misterious force he started to get up. That event had occured just by my side. We had stopped. Slowly John stood up. By his looking it gave an impression as if he had just arrived here. The shot was not fired. John was saved. He joined the group to continue the march.

Though we wanted to assist John, we could not, due to the cargo. We reached Alto-Flecha by 4 p.m. We did the 10 km in six hours. By seeing the time to cover only that small distance you can imagine the

hardship of our march. But before going on I want to tell the following episode. About a mile before Alto-Flecha, the European Canelas and Francisco Oliveira, a Mestizo, took the advantage of a bend and no sight of guards. They sped to the roadside and disappeared into the forest. The guards did not notice at first. Manuel Oliveira, Francisco's brother seeing their escape, he approached the roadside to jump, but he was too slow, so a bastard aimed the gun asked him suspiciously what he was doing. "I am pissing" replied Manuel.

We did not know if they survived after the escape, but so far we do not know anything about them.

We were told to stop when we reached Alto-Flecha. We put all the ammunition boxes in one spot, indicated by the armed stupids. Relieved from the bloody cargo, dead tired, starving, we sat around in the groups, rounded by guards. While the Fretilin guards were probably waiting for their bosses, we could stretch on the wet ground, giving finally some rest to our martyred bodies.

After nearly one hour our guards told us to get up and line up, then proceeded the march without those damn bloody boxes. Some of the guards said the ammunitions will remain there to supply Fretilin in defence against our advancing forces. Around 8 p.m. we reached a small village (a group of some four or five huts of bamboo and topped with grass) named "Lequi-Bau-Ulo" and were accommodated in the school. That night we got two pieces of sweet potatoes each, to relieve our starvation. I tell you what, those two rich pieces disappeared before I knew what it was. Then the stomach writhed in pain for more food, but where was I going to get more food. The pain became unbearable, when the voluptuous smell of roast meat, got to our nostrils. Oh, God let me have just a little bone of that

Now and then we heard buffalo horn wistle, as Fretilin sent the ancient message to gather the population there. The presence of the population did not take long. Though we were locked up in the school we could hear all the voices outside. First I noticed a lot of voices from a large group, then a man's shouts. Then, the same voice started a speech to stir up the population, telling them, that inside the school

there were traitors, enemies of the people, that the population should watch us and have no mercy to whoever trying to get out. Next morning, December 12, 1975 early cool morning, the gates were opened, and we were out. Counted under the rain and orders to move, we thought we were going back to Alto-Flecha to get the boxes, but instead we head to Same. Thus it confirmed that Fretilin wanted to resist our advancing forces in Alto-Flecha. Besides the continuous rainpour, nothing special happened until Same, where we arrived by evening. The march was low. Even so, we were exhausted. I do not say starving because this was normal since we feel in the Fretilin grip.

In the town of Same, still raining, we were lined up in front of the market building. Many civilians, some were our relatives, tried to get close to us, but were driven away by those bloody stupid and inhuman animals with human body. New hardship. How painfull it was to many of us to hear the call of our beloved ones without being able to answer. They cried and called the names of their beloved ones, that they recognized only by the eyes as anything else was thinned out by long starvation and brutal hardship in the prisons. We could not say anything, but cry in silence. Who sobbed was immediatelly beaten. After a long delay, caused probably by some Fretilin meeting fo find a solution concerning us, we were divided in two large groups, one headed to the primary school beside the Motel, and the other group headed to the primary school in the market area. Meanwhile, there were already prisoners in the school by the Motel. From now on, we will refer to both school prisons as "Motel" and "Market".

Here follows the accounting of Mr. Maia :

I was accommodated in "Meraldo - Market" on 30-12-'75 with my mates. At about 10 p.m. a group of armed Fretilin came in to the jail and called two mestizo brothers, Aquedo and Maucuro, who were also brothers of a Fretilin leader Juvenal Inalio, a former foot-ball player. Those two brothers got out and never came back.

The next day, by early morning, to our astonishment, there arrived many civilians carrying food baskets and coffee-bottles. Those food brought by our friends was the most tender happiness, I've ever

felt. At last we are going to have some food, which would give us some strength to get us out of the half dead, half-living state. We knew later on, that after payments of bribery to Fretilin local leaders, and to the guards, our friends could take us the food. While we were eating our friends and some relatives told us that many people saw several bodies on the riverside, killed with knives or arrows. By the description of the bodies we could judge that the bodies of Aguedo and Mau-Curo were among the others, as both were clear-skinned fellows. Our friends added that the bodies showed deep wounds in the neck, chest, guts open, and its contents spilled out on the ground. Dismayed with the brutal end of our unlucky mates, we cried in silence and prayed to the Lord for their souls. Through our friends, we also knew that the local priest, father Raphael was doing his best to get from the Catholic Community food and other commodity in order to lessen our suffering. In his efforts to assist us, he met strong opposition from Fretilin, but he would not give up. He imposed himself to the Fretilin puppets, stating that he was a God Minister and only Him, he obeyed. Even with the negative Fretilin attitude he did everything to get us food and moral comfort. On those occasions father Raphael said as a priest he could not take nay party, as all human beings were sons of God and thus needed charity. To this just and true words, he got as compensation home detention and whenever he wanted to do anything or to go anywhere, he should ask permission from Military Command, that in turn will order an armed escort to watch him. Even so, father Raphael never stayed still, he kept asking the population to assist us, and he was the first to dispose of his domestic store to feed us. To this good priest, I pay homage, though I never lost my faith, his example was a confirmation that who is with God has nothing to be afraid of.

As we were asked to co-ordinate our accounting and as my friend Januario De Carvalho had been jailed in "motel" I let him continue.

That night of December 12, 1975, by midnight, an armed Fretilin group came into the prison and after a long checking, the one who seemed to be the head of the group called the names of Manuel Oliveira (Mestizo), Henrique Faria (Europeans), and a Timorese youth, that at

the moment I do not remember his name. Walking in the middle of the group, our three poor mates got out and never came back. Next day, when some civilian population took us some food, we knew the horrible end of our mates. Their stabbed corpses were found at the riverside with their guts open. Thus, with the accounting of Mr. Moniz Maia about the selvatic end of our mates of endurance, Aguedo and Mau-Curo, that night Fretilin murdered in a primitif manner five young men without any mercy.

Now Mr. Moniz Maia will continue his statements.

At the school - prison (market), nothing remarkable happened but the distribution of food for the first time since we were there. It was January 3rd, 1976. That day our guards carried a drum with boiled and soggy rice, simply without any other oil or vegetable, only some dirt that on purpose or not was mixed in our ration.

As we had not plates nor spoons - the ones who had, given by relatives in Same, had to get his ration quickly and devour it so he can pass his plates to the next one, not to delay anything as the guards could get hungry and stop distributing to enjoy themselves with our anxiety before resuming again the distribution. The food ration kept on several days, but only once a day. What was of some help, came from our friends and relatives that got to us. Though the quantity was not enough to satisfy our stomachs, the civilian population also had lots of difficulties in getting food, it was a great help.

On January 5th, 1976 by 2 p.m., we had a new and sinister view of Fretilin men. This time besides the usual armed guards, came also leaders, members of Fretilin Central Committee : Cesar Mau-Laka, Juvenal Inacio, both from Dili; Antonio Sepeda, Adriano Corte-Real, Victor Da Costa, Pedro Corte-Real and Domingos Pinheiro, all from Same.

With bloody red eyes, mouth shut in hate, these puppets with head and walking from one end to the other end, indicated the prisoners who were going to be separated. In the picking as cattle for butchers I was also included. We were about sixty men, which included the most outstanding figures and militants of Apodeti and U.D.T.; I can not

remember the names of everyone, but I still remember the names of Jose F. Osorio Soares (Apodeti General Secretary); Arcindo Osorio, Domingos Osorio; all these were brothers and cousins, Mario Suarez, Peter Mui, the owner of Bistro Pearl of Orien Bucau, Guilhermino Da Silva, Mateus Araujo, Said Musah, Tony Alon, Lino Cow-Boy, Alfredo Issac and his son Manuel and Antonio Simoes, Francisco Simoes, Luiz Simoes, Adelino Simoes and Henrique Simoes, all brothers.

After lining up outside, the guards led us to the Marimusa security-cells in the prison of the town. Meanwhile, the prisoners classified by Fretilin as dangerous were transferred from "market" to "motel". Do you remember?

Meanwhile we were compressed into the secret-cells, its limits could not even support one third of our groups of sixty. But to Fretilin it was not a problem. Tighten and compressed we all had to get in. To give you an exact notion I can say that the cell was 2 x 3 m, and the other two even smaller. These cells had a narrow corridor with a small door to the outside. With no ventilation system and no windows, the heat was infernal. To increase these facilities, our bodies perspiration got stinker and stinker, and where to piss? On the floor of course.

Without any other way to while away the time and to relieve our condition we tried to forget our suffering, we told jokes and talked about senseless things. Exhausted of all the jokes, we would pray to the Lord and sang religious songs. Together in those tiny cells, together in prayers and starvation and illtreatments, we felt united, more than blood brothers.

Several times we were interrupted by the guards, who would storm into the cells, hitting us, cursing and saying: "Stop with this bloody shit you son of bitches You think that with your prayer Chico Lopez and gang will get stronger? You better know that Maubere is not afraid Let the bastards come and they will see what they are going to get". Others would keep quiet, just watching and burst into laughter with obscenities from their fellows; we did not care. When that happened we would stop, to restart as soon as the guards left us.

When the prayer is over I felt better. It is strange. If before the prayer my heart was worried, and afraid about what might happen to me, it would disappear after prayer, instead I became happy, yes happy. Because I felt something strong within myself that I can not explain until now.

In those secret-cells we had only a small meal a day, consisted of dirty boiled rice. To evacuate ourselves, there was a drum in the corridor, which we had to throw the contents in a hole dug by us, when it became full.

During the beginning until the 27th of January the Fretilin guards did not mistreat us, besides the menacing and interrupting of our prayer to frighten us.

That day Fretilin had news that the joint forces had reached Betano, they were busy about getting us away, in order to avoid our rescue by our forces. We were transferred again to Hola-Rua. The other prisoner jailed in "Market" were also transferred to Bitite where the assassinated Mr. Mateus Ferreira had his coffee plantation, who died in Dili in September '75, from brutalities he suffered in the hands of Fretilin. Mr. Ferreira, since his imprisonment somewhere in the eastern part of the island, was victim of violent brutalities in such intensity that his face was unrecognizable. He died soon after he arrived in Dili. Well, coming back to Hola-Rua

In Hola-Rua we were jailed in Major Lourenso's house, he himself being a prisoner. An hour later the dangerous classified prisoners arrived from "Motel", joined us. As the majority of us, were the more politically active Apodeti and U.D.T since that hour we believed that it would be the last place for us to be as living prisoners. The death was waiting for us. As an interesting note, I want to name the group which led us to Hola-Rua, was commanded by the terribly known Cesar-Maulaka, Adriano Corte-Real, Domingos Pinheiro, Joaquim Pinheiro and Pedro Corte-Real. After an hour inside the house, some guards with the purpose to frighten us said, the civilian population has come voluntarily (which I doubt) to strengthen the watch around the house where we were. One of the guards before leaving cautioned: "If you want to

dig away, please let us know, so you dig your hole before you die".

After he closed the door, we looked at each other in sorrow. We repeated the recommendation that whoever survived should tell ones' family and friends about our ordeal and the spot where Fretilin would make us disappear. Meanwhile, as we headed towards death, we prayed. In that time I reviewed all what I have done. I begged pardon for my sins and forgave my enemies. I wanted to be ready for the meeting with God.

It was around 10 p.m. when we heard the noise of a car stopping near the house. Then the door was opened and our well known Gusmao, a fanatic ex-sergeant, accompanied by a small armed group, took out a paper from his pocket. He started to call the names, including mine. The called ones were : Jose Fernando Osorio Soares, Moniz Maia (it is myself), Mario Suarez, Peter Mu, Domingos Osorio, Arlindo Osorio, Manuel Jalinto (all members of the Osorio family), and Said Musah. As we were getting out the Fretilins outside told us to take off our shirt and banded our eyes with it. Before I was banded I noticed that the parked vehicle was an open body land-rover. The vehicle moved fast. Our killers were anxious to release us. Bumpy roads. Absolute darkness. At last we stopped. It was now that everything will end. We landed from the land-rover blind-folded. In a hurry I did my prayers and begged to the Lord to give me a quick death. Unnoticed I moved the band from my eyes, I could see something. The car was parked in the middle of the road on the spot of Hat-Nipa. Surrounding us, were armed Fretilins to prevent any escape attempt. The lights of the car was on high beam. The only way was to a fall, with a river flowing at the bottom some twenty meters below. On the other side it was a steep mountain side, almost impossible to climb. Fretilin had chosen the right place for their purpose. The only way to escape was to the bottom of the fall

I heard a shot. Shouts. Then another shot. Shouts : "No !! No !! No !!" Another shot. I pulled a bit more at the shirt that was blinding

me. In front of me Mr. Osorio was struggling with our killers, saying "Don't give us such shameful death !!! You better send us to the front line !!! Don't murder us like this. Please Stop !". Fretilin replied. "Stop crying. You can't escape". A shot, and Mr. Osorio was gone. Now I hear more crying and appeals for mercy. This torture was still deserved to me. I was tempted to run to my killers and tell them to kill me immediately, but I did not. Then I recognized the voice of Arlindo Osorio, who shouted unhumanly asking to pray first. That scene is still fresh in my mind. But the Fretilin grabbed him on the back and arms, pushed him to the road side, increasing his shouts to pray first. "Let me pray, let me pray". Here Arlindo Osorio was hit by a close shot and disappeared down the fall. I kept asking in my thoughts "Kill me, kill me, murderer". I did not want to see any more of that. But it was not my turn yet, The Fretilin animals then headed towards Manuel Jacinto. This one was shouting and firmly gripping the vehicle. The same "No ! No". The murderers pushed Manuel, but he did not get away from the car. He was beaten, but he did not loosen his grip. Then a shot, and Manuel stopped shouting. I lost control, and ran to the fall shouting. I wanted to finish up quickly. I could not stand any more seeing. I eased their diabolic job. Our murderers surrounding me, in split seconds I turned to my mind to God. I heard a brutal explosion close to my ears. At the same time I felt a terrible burn in my head. I fell to the front half conscious, but without total loss of sensibility. I rolled down several meters. My body hit on small trees, rocks and so on.

I gained speed. Suddenly as I just awoke from a nightmare my sense of conservation made my hands work desperately to grab anything. I grabbed grass, rocks, roots and small trees, thus it slowed down my descent and finally I struck a more solid plant and stopped. Then I got support for my feet. I came to a complete halt. My fingers firmly gripped the small tree. I could not see anything to the bottom. To the top I also distinguished nothing. I closed my eyes. The pain caused by the bullet wound in my head was horrible. I felt warm liquid running down my neck. I was afraid I might loose much blood and strength to

escalate to the road. Luckily the bullet just made a small long cut. I did not know if the Fretilin executors saw my body. As the night was dark and moonless, probably they did not see.

Whatever was going on, I did not move. I closed my teeth to stand the pain. From the top, I could hear voices and laughter.

I heard the noise of the land-rover. Then noises of closing doors. Then I heard the engine speed up several times. I guessed they were manoeuvring the car to go back. I waited. Then the vehicle started to get away as the noise got longer and farther away. I started to move upwards very slowly and very alert. I felt strong. I feared to fall to the bottom. Moving upwards. Foot here, foot here. Sometimes my foot skidded, but I had my fingers always glued to a root or a plant, my hands always in front of me to explore the terrain ahead. And my fingers became bruised and bled, but I did not feel any pain. "Upward, upward". I commanded myself. My head wound did not trouble me anymore. It was probably my will to fight for survival that made me insensible to the pains. I was wet with perspiration. Few more yards. I could see already the end of the road. I rested a bit and sharpened my ears and eyes. No noises at all. Nothing suspicious. Then, two three, four feet I was on the road.

I looked around. Nothing. Nobody. But I remained on the road, for several minutes. I stood up, and walked quickly to the other side of the road and dove into the grass. I kept walking. The wound started to hurt pain. And I made a bandage with the shirt. Always walking I took a track I knew. While walking I fastened the shirt around my head, and the wound stopped bleeding. I always was very alert, fearing to meet an unexpected Fretilin or isolated Fretilin guard. Keeping away from normal tracks and following animal tracks I headed towards Rotuto, where my parents-in-law lived.

After what I thought a long way, I stopped to rest as my body started to get pains all over. The fall in the canyon had left its marks. Covered by the tall grass, I lay down. In my mind, there was only the purpose to survive. Everything still seemed like a dream and unreal. More relaxed I stood up, and kept walking.

It was already late at night, when finally I reached my parent-in-law's house. in Rotuto. Quietly, avoiding to make any noise, I approached the house. The dogs started to bark, but when they recognized me, they calmed down and licked my hands. Then, lightly I knocked on the door. At first nothing, I knocked again. "Who is that", they asked from inside. Fearfully and very low I answered : "It's me, Moniz, please open the door quietly." Again silence, justifiable undecision. "It is me, open the door," I repeated the call. Then, noises inside, filtered through the door, excitement, fear, my name being pronounced, then a candlelight. I heard foot steps approaching the door, and it is open. I entered like a flying cat. My parents-in-law, and my wife looked at me in astonishment as if I were a ghost. This moment of astonishment did not last more than a few seconds. The door is closed. Everybody wanted to hug me at the same time. I made signs with my fingers not to make noise. Then I strongly embraced my tender wife and both started to sob violently. And everybody else joined crying. We cried of happiness of the moment, we cried because at last we were reunited. We cried of anxiety and sufferings.

Oh, my God, what moments! Nobody asked questions. My tortured body was the answer they needed to the questions they had in mind. Then I heard noises from the kitchen. My wife took the shirt-bandage off my head and she examined the wound. Then she took me to the bathroom and with a wet towel cleaned my body. Wearing only a sarong we sat in the waiting/diningroom. Then my wife went to the kitchen and brought back a pail of boiling water. Assisted by her father, my wife cleaned the wound very carefully and put some medicine and put on bandage.

After the treatment they served me a hot meal, though it was little it did me good. I had not eaten anything for several days. Then, completely exhausted I fell asleep. But I did not sleep well. I still lived the marabre execution in Hat-Nipa, where all my mates were slaughtered. Now and then I would wake up with fear, shaking. That terrible bloody drama. I am still alive only by miracle. The explosion in the fear. Rolling down the canyon. I could not sleep. I opened my eyes and all my beloved

ones were watching me, as if they were caring for a dying man. By their stares, I saw all their love for me, and they told me to sleep. But I could not sleep. The terrible execution in Hat-Nipa was still very vivid in my mind.

As the time wore on, I became calmer and started to coordinate my mind. I could remember then the Fretilin killers used "Mauser" rifles to shoot my poor mates in Hat-Nipa. Those rifles were handled by the ex-sergeant Jose Alexandre Gusmao, Tome Sea-Coli and another Fretilin whose name was Antonio, who in Same carried the duty of prison guard very happily. I also remember it was Tome who pulled the trigger to kill me. As a storm, that or such scene that my eyes witnessed just a few hours ago, crossed my mind as a movie on a screen. Again I closed my eyes. Finally the exhaustion took over and I slept.

The cocks sang. Then music of birds. Day is breaking. It is a new day, I am fully awake and alive. "What a night." "What a nightmare," I thought. They served me coffee and a quick breakfast. My presence in the house of my parents-in-law could endanger their lives, including my wife. The Fretilin men were everywhere.

By 7 a.m., I was lying on the bed, giving a deserving rest to my tortured body. I sensed something was happening at the front door. Would it be Fretilin in their selvatic house to house search? I became worried. I heard people talking in low voices and more alert, my ears captured the crack of a kiss. Who would it be? Suddenly, like an actor entering the stage, my brother-in-law Bento Dos Reis Fernandes who was also a prisoner got into my sight. We embraced each other. Then I went with him to diningroom. My relatives were busy doing the table. My brother ate like a pig. I let him eat without interruption. After that, I told my brother-in-law about all the events, as I escaped from Fretilin claws, all the suffering during in the prisons until the night I felt the death. In turn my brother-in-law told his ordeal in the prison and more events, that I think is good to mention here.

On the 27th of January '76, according to my brother-in-law, the prisoners who were taken to Hola-Rua, returned on the same day

and jailed in "Motel". On the 29th, Fretilin men separated 25 prisoners, and got them in a truck. About the destination of these men, I got the account from a survived one. According to him, all the 25 men, were tied with their hands at the back. Then, they embarked on the truck which was parked in front of the jail (Motel). Then the car headed to the river, and the prisoners knew they were going to be killed. In the truck there were also four armed guards. At a certain time one prisoner could manage somehow to release the string and he started to undo the knots of his fellows. And the released ones assisted to undo the knots of the next one and so forth. Everything was done perfectly, without the guards noticing it. When the truck slowed down to take a bend, the prisoners jumped the guards, took away their guns and fled, running into the coffee plantation over the roadside. At that miraculous escape, Lino Pereira was less fortunate and he ended his days there. He jumped injuring his foot. He took too long to get up. That delay allowed a light vehicle that was coming farther back for escort mission to catch him. He tried to run away but he was cut down by fire. Meanwhile the truck halted. The escapees who now were running with the guns, did their best, taking the advantage of every bends and bushes, and many managed to escape. Fretilin guards did not try to pursue them, confused by the temerity and courage of the prisoners, and probably afraid, as the escapees were armed already. The four guards were executed for failing their mission. Among the 25 escapees, I only remember the names of Lino Pereira (killed), Mateus De Araujo an Apodeti leader in Ataudo, already with us, Miguel and John Carceres. As a note we add that some of the escapees were recaptured by Fretilin and killed later on.

After the above detail, we come to the testimony of my brother-in-law Bento who remained in the prison "Motel". He told me that on the 29th of January, at night, on the same day of the escape by the 25 men, Fretilin leaders and commanders discussed the situation in a long meeting, that decided the cruel and murder our carnage in the two prisons "Motel" and "Market", throwing hand grenades into the cells

and swept everything with an automatic gun fire. Caught by surprise, many prisoners did not even know they were dying already. Others like my brother-in-law Bento, Ferrao (a partisan Captain), Jose Caldas, escaping the first explosions and fire, ran to the windows that were clear, broke the glass, jumped outside and ran away to the bushes. Cautiously, they walked away from the town. My brother headed towards Rotuto, my parents-in-law's place. Captain Ferrao got asylum in his friend's house, and the other just hang over in the bush until he met the joint forces. My brother-in-law Bento said that, probably no more prisoners escaped the selvatic mass assassination. He added that Fretilin had decided to exterminate the prisoners in revenge of the escape of the 25 men.

Rounded in very high secrecy and precaution, my brother Bento, and I stayed for ten days. Our stay had to be cut short, because of the news that the Fretilin groups were patrolling the bushes trying to recapture the 24 men who escaped on the 29th of January. Other groups were searching house for the same purpose. Knowing that, we decided to leave my parents-in-law's area. By the cover of night, painfully we said good bye to our beloved ones, took the way into the forest, heading towards the mountain region of Kablak. We reached the area without any trouble, and stayed there for 25 days. In the meanwhile we contacted people we could trust. We knew that the joint forces had entered the town of Ainaro on February 22nd and they blocked all roads and surrounded areas under control. At the same time our forces also had entered Same from Betano. Thus, forced Fretilin to take cover, in the area of Kablak. Due to this fact, our hiding spot became dangerous to us and we decided to go on to Ainaro.

At the short period we became acquainted with Fretilin position and strategy, so we took all care to avoid any meeting with them, doing short trips, always by night. Finally we arrived in Ainaro on March 12, 1976. We were welcomed by our joint forces, getting all attentions. After observation we were given food, clothing and shoes. I can say it was a real brotherly assistance from men, who sacrificed

their lives to liberate us from Fretilin oppression.

As Mr. Moniz Maia and Mr. Januario Carvalho had different destinations we let the latter to restart his testimony :

"On December the 31st-1975, around 8 a.m., one truck carrying five armed Fretilin men, led by the ex-Sergeant Manuel Pereira who at the time was the Fretilin military commander in Ainaro, ex-Corporal Afonso and Constantino. At the prison door (motel), Manuel Pereira called the names of 38 prisoners and made them line up outside. As they were being called, our mates, one by one, stared at us all, as if warning us, not to forget the promise to tell the relatives about our ordeal and the date which Fretilin would shoot us. At the time, any call, meant death. After what happened to our poor mates who were found mutilated in the river of Same, everyone seen taken by Fretilin, we thought they would have the same end. If before we prayed fervently, in the last 48 hours we triplicated our prayer to God, as dead condemned ones without any hope. On the same day, through the civilians who brought us food, we pleaded to get father Mariano come to see us in order we could confess our sins and prepare for death, because the present and the coming days were constant dates that will mark our end in this world. As a note I want to make it clear that father Mariano was allowed to conduct Mass in the two prisons using a megaphone, with him outside and the prisoners behind the closed doors. New fashion of religion invented by Fretilin. Even so, father Mariano would not give up. He did all his duties regardless of all difficulties created by Fretilin.

During the Mass, when it reached the point to give holy communion, the guards would escort the priest inside.

Back to December the 31st, 1975.

Answering our appeal, father Raphael, strongly escorted, arrived at the prison by 4 a.m. We knew by next day, that, that good priest had a hard quarrel with Fretilin leaders to obtain permission to visit us. Those Fretilin through threats wanted to avoid the priest's visit by any means. One told me that at a certain stage father Raphael had told the Fretilin leaders; "I am going to attend to the people who called me.

I do not care if they are in prison or somewhere else. I will go there with or without your authorization. I only obey God and my superiors within the Church. If you want to kill me on the way, you may do so, but you can not forbid me to attend to my people". Saying that, he stood up and walked away.

Thus we had him there. From the verandah he used the megaphone to address us. His voice filled us with great joy. Father Raphael told us, as it was impossible to hear everyone in confession, he asked us to mind our sins, then beg pardon to God. So, we did. By the end, the guards opened the door and let father Mariano in, to do the holy cross sign on our heads. Then he went out, we could see his eyes full of tears.

Now, we were prepared. I felt a lot better. Now I could die at any time, but I could not help to think about my beloved ones. Probably, I will never see them again.

On January the 1st, 1976, new year day, many people who came from father Mariano, brought us fine food. You imagine our joy when we opened the baskets, we found cooked rices, tapioca, meat and two gallons of coffee with sugar. We, who had not seen meat and sweet coffee for several months, attacked the food. We, who thought, we would not last until new year, were there, to enjoy the new year with good food.

While we were eating, we had the opportunity to hear from the civilian about what was going on outside the prisons. They said that, the attitude of father Mariano, had touched the Fretilin leaders so much, that they said they were going to treat the prisoners. They also said that Nicolau Lobato had convened a mass meeting to state that, the carnage carried out at the river had not the knowledge of Fretilin Central Committee (FCC) and he added that the guilty ones will be punished. Like us, the majority of the population did not believe Nicolau's words, because, on the same day he ordered home imprisonment to father Mariano. The words from Fretilin leaders would not convince anyone.

On January the 2nd, 1976, the ex-sergeant Manuel Pereira came back to our prison by mid day, accompanied by the ex-corporal Capriano De Araujo, ex-driver Jose and two others, whose names I do not know. As on December the 31st, Manuel Pereira, called names from a list, including mine. The names I still remember are : Jose Trindade from Ermera, Manuel De Almeida, Bere-China, Albino-Barros, Gabriel Trinoade and Araujo de Jesus. One by one we went to a verandah. An "Unimog" was packed in front of the prison. Three armed guards were positioned to watch us. Manuel Pereira, then went away, probably to the Command house in Same. Someone who came with Manuel Pereira told us, we were to be transferred to Ainaro. After so many lies, we did not believe. But we believed that we were going to be killed in the river, to what we were already prepared. We had prayed. We had made confessions already. With God we were not afraid of death. We were allowed to sit down. In those terrible time of waiting, once again I thought about my beloved ones and my friends, that certainly I will never see them again. It was unavoidable. Only people like me and the others who were unlucky to fall in the hands of Fretilin could avaiate the size of anxiety and desperation that those moments of calling and waiting affected us.

The Fretilin, I do not know they learned to master themselves in torturing their victims. Calling, waiting, taking the prisoners to simulated killings and then, they would say "It is better for you to die tomorrow" etc. That would psychologically destroy a human being. I felt, that those were the last moments of our lives, and when we are already to die, came a contra-order and we return to the jail. That reminded me of books and stories I have read, about prisoners with death sentence, waiting for execution in the death cells, and often ajourned by smart solitors or by "Habeas Corpus."

Those thoughts were interrupted by the return of Manuel Pereira and his gang. With only a small meal, that we had from food of the previous day, we received nothing. Manuel Pereira ordered us to board the "Unimog". It was around 5 p.m. The car was driven by Manuel himself. Two of his men sat with him in the cabin, and the others sat

with us. The vehicle took the road Same-Ainaro. Would it be really our destination?

The Fretilin animals would not have prepared a simulation? The vehicle kept heading on the Ainaro road at average speed. The guards who sat with us were silent and so did we. Each one might think in what worried him most. Keeping on the road we got closer to Ainaro. Finally, and without any incident we reached the town of Ainaro by 11 p.m. The car parked in front of the girls college, now converted into a prison. We were ordered to get inside, what surprise was reserved to us. We did not want to believe our eyes. Inside, among others, we saw our mates who were transferred from Same on December the 31st. We thought they were dead. We embraced them desperately as one meet a brother, that was supposed to be dead.

We all wanted to know what had happened since we were separated. We told the events in Same. At their turn, our mates told us what had happened with them.

They told us, that Manuel Pereira, Ainaro Fretilin Commander, had asked Nicolau Lobato during his visit there, to transfer all prisoners born in Ainaro or with relatives in Ainaro to the prisons there, saying, it was the will of local residents who had asked Pereira previously Nicolau Lobato authorized Pereira's request and thank to him we were all there, still alive and hope to survive. We asked about Luiz Dos Reis Araujo, whom we knew, was at Ainaro Hospital. When at Alto-Flecha, affected by brutal aggression in Maubisse, he could not walk and was taken by car to the town of Ainaro. About Luiz R. Araujo, they said, he was dying when he arrived to Ainaro. Just before he died his mind cleared up, and as he was rounded by his executioners Domingos Pereira and his gang, Luiz said these last words : "I know I am going to die". I am not afraid of death. I die happily, to know that my blood and of all mates and friends that had spilled over this island of Timor, will sure be on the red and white flag which will wave its shadow over this island. The Communist will at last defeated. We were not all going to die. The ones who will survive will tell what you have done to us".

Hearing Luiz Araujo, the Fretilin bastards wanted to finish him immediately, but was prevented by the hospital staff, who asked them to leave. Alone, Luiz dead in peace. At last his body had around rest from all horrible and sharp suffering. He was victim of his Fretilin aggressors.

Then, we started to accommodate. We knew that our mates, since they were in this prison, had a very good treatment we might say, comparing to the previous treatments in the other prisons. This information is true. We received, more or less good food in average quantity. In that new prison, we were astonished by the non-existence of the sessions of torture, that inhuman and unjustly Fretilin had subjected us in the other prisons.

On January the 4th, we had the terrible news that our Fretilin executioner Domingos Pereira was in Ainaro. With our hearts tighten in anxiety, we wonder what would be the purpose of the coming of such macabre individual to Ainaro. That news was informed by one of our guards. Hours later, the same guards, told us, that Domingos Pereira wanted to get permission from the local Fretilin Commander to take Mr. Lucia Encarnacao back to Maubisse to be judged by the "Fretilin Ministers Council". The request was refused by Commander Manuel Pereira and backed by ex-corporal Afonso Neves, who argued that the local population did not want to harm any prisoner or let them leave the town. Domingos Pereira, facing firm refusal from both men, became nervous and managed to persuade the two, but it would not change their attitude. During the discussions, Afonso Neves said : "Our leaders keep telling everytime that we have to fight for independence. But if we keep killing everybody, then who is going to work for this land? You alone?

Even with this argument Domingos Pereira would not give up, how great was his will to murder Mr. Lucio. He brusquely left the meeting and promising to come back he drove away from the town.

Mr. Lucio Encarnacao knew the incident and we advised him to simulate a heart attack. Yelling we called the guards, saying that our mate was very sick. We knew that in hospital Mr. Encarnacao

will be more protected against any of Domingos Pereira's murderous ideas. So it happened. Our mate was hospitalized until the 30th of January.

On January the 31st, many Fretilins arrived to Ainaro led by the ex-Lieutenant Guido. We knew they were going to meet with the Fretilin military command of Ainaro to find a solution to the prisoners of Ainaro.

We were always informed by some guards, we could attend the sessions of the meeting. In the first meeting it grouped two factions, one, the majority that did not agree with the extermination of prisoners, and the other group that wanted the complete extermination. The discussions lasted hours and hours. Both factions presented its opinion. As the opinions kept diverting, the chairman, ex-Lieutenant Guido, adjourned the meeting for the next day. The group against the extermination was led by Manuel Pereira, and the other group for extermination, as it could not be anyone else, was led by Domingos Pereira.

On February the 1st, 1976, the bloody leader Guido and his puppets restarted the meeting to decide our destiny. New and noisy discussions. Guido, wanting to end the meeting quickly, proposed to take the matter for voting. Thus, it was done. The result was inevitable, the majority voted against extermination and transfer of prisoners from Ainaro what made Domingos Pereira and his supporters very angry.

Meanwhile, Guido, to finish the matter quickly, asked Manuel Pereira if all the prisoners were the U.D.T. or Apodeti. Avoiding the truth, the ex-sergeant Manuel Pereira, lied, saying that all were U.D.T., though he knew that many like myself were Apodeti. Then, Guido said, as previously U.D.T. had fought for independence in his opinion all prisoners should be forgiven. As among those present only Domingos hand maintained his initial position, Guido ordered that all prisoners in Ainaro be released and make them go home. But, concerning Lucio (Former Administrator at Portugese Colonial Rule) Guido said, that

one should remain imprisoned until new orders, because he had to face popular justice.

Knowing the final decision, Lucio Encarnacao, who had returned to the prison on January 30, became desperate, tortured by the idea that soon Fretilin will kill him.

Manuel Pereira and Afonso Neves, guessing the intention of Fretilin leader concerning Mr. Encarnacao, decided to hide him. So they did. Mr. Encarnacao was hidden in a coral .

Days later, a Fretilin group called in at Ainaro military command to tell they had orders from the leaders to take Mr. Lucio Encarnacao with them. Manuel Pereira, then he was the Ainaro commander, told them that Mr. Encarnacao was taken away the previous day by another group. That lie saved the life of our mate Lucio Encarnacao.

On February the 22nd the joint forces arrived at Ainaro, finally we could breath in relief. We were saved. We were the few survived ones who escaped from Fretilin. Manuel Pereira did not run away. But the Fretilin Puppets like Guido Soares, Domingos Pereira and others who were brave in front defenceless prisoners ran away like frightened cats. The joint forces did not even fire a shot. Since the first hours, I arrange with our forces to give all necessary protection to Manuel Pereira, because if I'm still alive, it is thanks to him. Today, Manuel Pereira lives in Ainaro carrying his usual business freely.



A handwritten signature in black ink. The signature is stylized, starting with a large, looping 'C' followed by 'Janeiro'. The name 'C. Janeiro' is written in a cursive script.

As our survived mates Moniz Maia and Januario De Carvalho, had given their testimony concerning the events occurred from Dili to Same and as these two had different destinations, we will complete this document of witness :

We were jailed in the school building "market" till January the 8th, 1976. Two days before, the good father Raphael whose action was told already by Mr. Maia and Mr. Januario wanted to celebrate Mass in the prison, but he was not allowed by the Fretilin puppet, ex-sergent Joaquim do Nascimento, who insulted and mistreated the priest, getting him away from the prison.

Back to January the 8th. That day we were transferred to the veterinary installations, which Fretilin was using as prison, with many other prisoners.

At the prison, Fretilin had established a program of hard labour, whose timetable was from 6 a.m. to 5 p.m., with a short break for lunch (?). The work was carried out in the nearby fields and it consisted of preparing the land for agriculture. The task was done without any other instrument, but our own hands. About the food, it was the same dirty little boiled rice. Sometimes we could get some pawpaw leaves or other items to increase our miserable portion. The unique improvement was that Fretilin had stopped its brutalities towards us. In January 1977, receiving news that joint forces had reached Betano, Fretilin men drove us quickly to the mountainous areas of Kablak, precisely to Bi-titi at the coffee plantation of unlucky late Mr. Mateus Pereira who was murdered by Fretilin animals. During the journey we were beaten several times, as many of us could not keep the fast pace. On some spots over the open track in the jungle, tens of leeches (blood suckers) glued to our legs, and we stopped to take them out. The guards would hit us with the guns and kicks in the balls. Useless to say that we had to endure the pains from such brutalities and carried the leeches glued to our bodies, as we were not allowed to any halt.

In Bi-titi Fretilin again satisfied their sadistic instinct, so we were victims of renewed aggression. The food was worse. Now we had

only few pieces of cassava and some tapioca, and another tubercle known in Timor as talas which require along cooking time before it loses its itchiness. But as we did not have the time our lips became swollen. And sometimes we had some boiled maize, it was so little that we could count the grains. Hunger, our inseparable mate, forced five of our mates to try get some tubercles, such sweet potatoes and tapioca, in nearby field. As a compensation for their adventure, Fretilin gave them so many whips, that they could not move from their beds for a couple of days. And that, aroused the idea to beat us every night, finding all excuses they wanted to retaliate our thin bodies. Lovers of darkness, Fretilin men would visit us by night in order to wake us, and still asleep, beat us for long hours. Sometimes they just come to disturb our sleep with menaces.

In Bi-titi like the other prisons, our bed was the ground. And that area was cool at that time of the year when we were there. Our clothing were mere pieces of scrap and to fight the cool we slept close to each other. In Aileu we had the blankets distributed by International Red Cross, but were taken away from us by Fretilin men. In "Bi-titi" we were altogether two hundred prisoners.

On January 1, 1976, the guards told us we were going back to the town of Same. We were lined up outside the prison and we took the same way back.

In Same, Fretilin leaders gave new orders to take the way to Hola-Rua some 10 kilometers away from the town.


As soon as we knew our new destination, we got panicked, because we knew that Hola-Rua was the spot chosen by Fretilin to exterminate the prisoners who were secretly and previously condemned to death. What could we do? Crying? No, that was cowardice. If we had to die in the murderous Fretilin hands we should show up courage and serenity. We reminded ourselves that beyond the blue horizon was heaven. Why fear?

In Hola-Rua, as if waiting for important people, there were on our arrival the cruel men, Nicolau Lobato, Inacio Juvenal, Antonio

Sepeda, Oscar Araujo, Joaquim Nascimento, Carlos Cesar (Mau-Laka), Hamis Bassarewan, Andriano Corte-Real, Silvestre Branco and Pedro Corte-Real the most cruel Fretilin killer.

Lined up, like cattle for a butcher, in front of the house of the Rajah of Same, also Fretilin Claudio Corte-Real, we were subjected to visual checking by Fretilin leaders mentioned above. We guessed that they wanted to recognize the Apodeti prisoners. We already knew that Fretilin leaders had decided to exterminate all prisoners of Apodeti. As soon as our mates recognized as Apodeti were shoved out, forming a large group, they were condemned to death. What anguish we saw on those faces. I have no words to explain what we all felt at that moment. About that moment, maybe, Jose Dos Santos here could say something.




Benjamin de Oliveira

Honestly, I don't know also, how to explain that horrible scene of separation. Sometimes I try to co-ordinate ideas about it, but everything is confusing and unreal. I remember, yes, though my spirit was prepared to everything, I felt at that moment a great terror as if I felt already in my flesh the mortal instrument which would take my life. As I was getting unrecognized by all Fretilin puppets I got more relaxed.

Then, Fretilin leaders, not to waste time, they said that two was from U.D.T. to go one side and Apodeti to another side. I went to U.D.T. side with some other Apodetis whom were not recognized as Benyamin Oliveira. Then Fretilin guards took the Apodetis into the house of Claudio and told the U.D.T.s that they could go freely. The paramount of all was that our militant mates of Apodeti, at that hour condemned to death, did not denounce us, and also I want to honour our mates of misfortune from U.D.T., for knowing that we belong to Apodeti, they accepted us in their group risking their own lives. Anyhow it was what we promised. It was necessary to have survivors from the four parties against Fretilin's pretension, to subject the people under iron boots as it was proved by their brutal treatment against us. Fretilin did not even allow the people to worship God.

As it was already dark, we did not want to risk walking through the jungle track to homes of relatives and friends living in the area.

We opted to spend the night on a coffee plantation near the road, some half a mile from the spot where our poor late mate Jose Osorio Soares and other unlucky mates were mangled by Fretilin. And it is the same spot, Hat-Nipa is the name, that would be again the execution chamber of innocent victims of the selvatic Fretilin justice.

Around 10 p.m. we were already spread under coffee plants. We saw several armed Fretilin taking groups of five and six elements of Apodeti at a time. These ones had their hands cuffed at their backs, some had their shirts used as strings to immobilize their hands, heading towards the spot, where cool and implacable death was awaiting. I myself and Benyamin Oliveira here and many others, we got closer to

have a better view of what was about to happen between Hola-Rua to Hat-Nipa. Even though the night was dark, we could distinguish the silhouettes of the killers and their victims. It was the 31st of January, 1976.

Since 10 p.m., with intervals of about half an hour, more groups passed. It was anguishing to watch such diabolic scenes. But it was necessary. We had to witness, otherwise, nobody would be able to tell the crimes that Fretilin had carried out on elements of the people which, they demagogically and treacherously said to defend.

Willing to watch and hear everything we did not sleep. We stayed awake and well alert. Who could sleep that macabre night that was the last night for our mates blamelessly condemned?

About 3 o'clock in the morning, another group passed and then we heard a familiar voice. It was very good friend Lino Pereira a Viqueque born man. At the beginning we could not hear clearly, but as he approached we could hear well what he said : "I am going to have some destiny as my father did. I am going to die the same way. Pity, it does not matter, if we were thieves. I don't forget the assistance of the people of Same. You Ministers of Fretilin, keep fighting. You will die. When you die, you will get to where we all will make justice in the holy presence of God."

Later on his killers whose name was Cornelio, looked for me to tell me that before Lino died, he made him promise to tell Benjamin Oliveira his last message. Benjamin was close by. We shook with fear, then Cornelio told Benjamin the following : "Hey boy, your friend Lino asked me to tell you this message" : "Present my last goodbye to my friend Benjamin De Oliveira and I wish with all my heart that he will have a long life". Lino took with him, what was then secret, was my membership of Apodeti. He did not denounce me. That was a proof of high destiny and respect that all of us, imprisoned by Fretilin, had to each other.

That macabre night Fretilin had slain in Hat-Nipa fifty eight prisoners, the number was counted by a U.D.T, whose name was Paulo

born in Maubara. He was released that day but he remained nearby so he could see Fretilin taking out the prisoners, handcuffed them and make them walk towards Hat-Nipa, where Fretilin finished their lives in a very cruel way.

Among the mangled ones we knew, we can name the following ones : Daniel De Carvalho (Apodeti Delegate in Raicaco), Lino Pereira, Joao Damas (Sub-Delegate in Bemori-Dili) and founder member of the same party Miguel (Suai), Lorenzo (Delegate in Zumalai Gilberto (Vinicale), Gabriel (Ossu), Antonio De Sousa and Mau-China from Baucau, Joaquim and Mestizo Guerra.

All the murdered men were executed by Fretilin using knives, swords and arrows. Only four men were shot, with Mauser.

The Fretilin leaders who decided the execution of our mates were the following ones : Nicolau Lobato (Vice-President), Carlos' Cesar Maulaka (Member of F.C.C.), Antonio Sepeda (Regional Secretary for Same), Oscar Leopoldino Araujo (member of F.C.C.), Hamis Bassarewan (F.C.C, member), Joaquim Nascimento (ex-sergeant), Andriano Corte-Real and his uncle Pedro Corte-Real (delegates in Same), Juvenal Inacio (F.C.C. member), Januario Lobato (brother of Nicolau Lobato), Cornelio De Silva and Francisco Alves both were traditional chiefs in Fatu Builino. F.C.C. = Fretilin Central Committee.

About 5 o'clock, all of us, about 75 men decided to follow our destinies and headed together to the area of Lecu-Hati. On the way we passed the spot that during the night and dawn of the 31st of January to the first of February 1976, the Fretilin men had slain cruelly fifty eight members and simpatizers of Apodeti. We could see the mutilated bodies at the bottom of the ravine, but we could not cry, such as our feelings

It made us walk quicker, to get away from that bloody spot of Hat-Nipa a sinister spot where death was hovering in the air.

At Lecu-Hati we dispersed. Both of us, as we had common destination, joined the group that pretended to head on to Ainaro. We arrived at the town of Ainaro on the same day, February 1st, 1976 . by night.

Both of us, spent the night at our friend Pedro Ramalho's house in Manu-Tali, and the next day we reported to Fretilin Commander Manuel Pereira, who gave us safe-conduct papers, because we told him we wanted to go on to Suai. We left Ainaro by afternoon, taking the mountain trails down to Zumalai where we spent the night in Hendan, in the house of a moderate minded Fretilin.

On the 3rd of February we continued our journey to Suai, but that day some Fretilin escorted us to the village of Uka, where we stayed for the rest of the day and overnight, at the house of Benyamin Magno who was also a Fretilin.

Next day, still accompanied by the same escort, we restarted our journey. At Hae-Mano, an area between Zumalai and Suai the escort did not let us proceed, because some elements of the population had told us that the joint forces has occupied Suai. For that reason the Fretilin escort retained us for three days in Hae-Mano. We forgot to mention here, that five other prisoners came with us all the way from Hola-Rua. Two were Zumalai born fellows and they went home. The other three stayed with us, so we were five men, then retained in Hae-Mano.

The day after we arrived to Hae-Mano, we discovered that the Fretilin escort had plotted to take us back to Zumalai, so we decided to run away. At night we made our escape plan to be safe when we flee. Then the escort became suspicious and mounted guard on us.


By early morning of the third day at Hae-Mano, I went to the water spring with my mate Benyamin Oliveira carrying a pot to fetch water. We left all our belongings on the bed, including papers and a wallet containing 500.00 (something worth about (A \$ 20.00) in clear view of our guards. We did that, in order to keep the bastards at ease. Benyamin told our friend discreetly to follow us, minutes after we left. When we were about to leave, a Fretilin guard wanted to go with us, but we smiled at him and he decided to let us go alone, and he even gave us a bamboo to get more water. As soon as we arrived, Benyamin, using a charcoal, wrote on the pot this message : "Try to escape,

death is watching us". He left it on the path, and we started to run into the forest. Later on a fellow prisoner, ordered to go looking for us, found the pot. Useless to say he did not think twice. He did not feel his feet touching the ground. He escaped. That fellow was Fransisco Piedade who thank God, is also alive. About the others, so far we do not know anything about them.

On the escape day we walked for hours penetrating deep into the forest. Once we felt safe we rested and then we headed to the sea-side. By night covered by tall grass we slept on the ground with one eye closed and the other open, ready to run at a minor suspicious noise.

On the 8th of February we finally reached the town of Suai without any accident. We reported to the joint forces command and after identification we went in peace. From the 9th to the 22nd of February we stayed with fathers Mario Belo and Aureo, until we embarked on the ship Tolando which carried us to Dili, arriving here on the 25th. Today, 26th, 1976 we were to give our testimony that we hope we were completely precise in details and witnesses.




JOSE DAS SANTOS



While stopping up the mass grave of the victims, prayers are said by a priest, the Red Cross team and escorting group.



The barbarous way in which the Fretilin bands have been burying their political opponents.



The excavators got trouble in having the caskets of the victims separated from each other for their being heaped up disorderly one upon the other.



It was supposed that the victim was still alive at the moment he was thrown into the grave.



After having got a clear proof of the cruelty and inhumanity of the Fretilins, the mass grave was stopped up again.



Gathering of the documents, photographs and other belongings of the victims.